Flashback

PUBLISHED BY

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS FEB 7 1990 FAYETTEVILLE ARKANSAS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

February 1990

R.L. Maddox's Story 1
Ahnentafel Charts 13
Queries 18
Our Readers Write 21
Road Repair about 1892 ... 24
Late News Report 30
Fight or Surrender 34
Window on the Frontier ... 42

Volume 40 **Number 1**

PRESERVING THE PAST
FOR THE FUTURE

Preserving the Past for the Future

Flashback

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

FLASHBACK is published quarterly in February, May, August and November. Send all material for publication to the Editor at 118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701. There is no payment for articles published in FLASHBACK.

We have members in all 50 states. Membership is invited especially to those interested in the preservation of Washington County's history. Dues are discretionary, starting with $10 annually, rising to $150 for a life membership. Donations, tax deductible according to current law, are gratefully received any time for special projects. Members are mailed a FLASHBACK every quarter. Past issues cost $5 each, current year's issues, $4 each.

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ONE ORPHAN'S ODYSSEY

Robert Edward Lee Maddox's Story

Editor's Note: This account has been extracted from the autobiography of Robert Edward Lee Maddox, a manuscript his daughter, Mary Anne Roscopf, made available to the Society. Mr. Maddox and his wife Mabel ran Bob's Cafe in Fayetteville for many years; its last location was on the Square. Mr. and Mrs. Maddox were well-known and highly respected in Washington County throughout their lives.

Bob was orphaned at a very early age and he tells of the trials and tribulations encountered during his first 30 years in northwest Arkansas. In the telling, he lets us know a lot about living in small communities the first few decades of this century. His story will be serialized through this year. We know you'll find it interesting. We thank Mrs. Roscopf for giving us this publishing opportunity.

I was born on February 25, 1894, in what I have always thought was Kay, OK., having been so informed since early childhood. But upon personal investigation seventy years after birth, and information received from the Commissioner of State Lands, Oklahoma City, I find that it was actually Kay Center, OK where I entered upon the trials and uncertainties of life--where, but for luck and the blessings of God, I would never have made it.

Papa's family consisted of himself, Mama and me. They had had two children before me, a boy and a girl, but both had died before I was born. Papa's full name was Llewellyn, nicknamed "Lew"; Mama's was Emma; they named me Robert Edward Lee for General Lee. When I was old enough to sign my name, I dropped the Edward and have been just Robert Lee, R. L. and Bob all my life.

Grandpa Key and family also lived at Kay Center then. They consisted of Grandpa and Grandma, a daughter. Betty about eighteen years old, plus a son, Jim, around sixteen. There was also a divorced daughter, Aunt Mag, with two children: a girl my age, Martha (nicknamed "Pearl"), and a baby boy, Jimmy.

Grandpa's name was Abraham, and, of course, he went by the name of Abe or Uncle Abe. I don't recollect Grandma's first name, as she died when I was very young. As for Papa's folks, I know nothing.

Papa and Grandpa were teamsters. They freighted, by wagon and team, from Kay Center to Kansas City and St. Louis. They would take all kinds of produce to the cities and bring merchandise back. I have been told they almost always traveled in caravans, sometimes as many as twenty or twenty-five wagons and teams banded together, armed for protection against Indians and robbers. It would take from two weeks to a month to make the round trip, depending on the weather, the roads, high water, and encounters. They would camp at night, feed and rest their teams, and then be on their way the next morning.

In the early spring of 1898, when I was four years old, the two families (which, in fact, were one) decided to go west. The reason was obvious--the railroad was getting the freight business. Their destination was Trinidad, Colorado. From Trinidad, they journeyed south into New Mexico, to the Joe Davis Apex, which is one of the highest mountains in that part of the country. The men got jobs logging for a big sawmilling company and settled in the mill camp. The nearest town with a post office was Catskill. There was a commissary at the mill site, run by the company.

I have some childish recollections of living in New Mexico. Grandpa Key lived a short distance up the mountain from us, with the sawmill a short distance down the hollow, or canyon, in the opposite direction. The haul road ran right in front of our house, one of several in a row that all backed up to the mountain. Just beyond the road was a dry creek, looking more like a dug drainage ditch than one made from a natural flow of water. The children of the camp habitually played in that ditch; it was a made

to order perfect place for kids. One particular day we were all down in that gully which was about four or five feet deep with almost straight up-and-down sides. All at once our mothers came frantically yelling at us to get out quick. With their help, we came out just minutes before a head of surging, swirling, seething muddy water came rolling and roaring down through where we had been. That flood would have taken us kids to Kingdom Come if we hadn't gotten out. It stopped our play for a while.

I also remember Papa coming by the house with big loads of logs. It seems to me they were at least fifteen feet high. One especially big log, Uncle Jim has told me since, was eight feet in diameter. It was the granddaddy of all, and according to Uncle Jim, everybody gathered at the mill to see it sawed. As this was before the day of the band saw, they did the job with a circle saw and it was no small feat. Pap used to take me to the mill. There he would hold me in his lap while we rode back and forth in the saw carriage while the logs were being made into lumber. I have a faint recollection of a forest fire, of the pine trees burning to their tops while the men fought to keep the flames away from camp and the mill. I can't even begin to give a clear picture of this early part of my life. It is only a hazy picture now, and I was left the lone survivor of my immediate family.

Papa died suddenly from a heart attack in 1899 while I was in my fifth year. He left Mama pregnant, and she died a short time later in childbirth. The baby girl died when she was six months old. In so short a period I was left an orphan. Grandma Key's death followed Mama's in no time at all. Papa, Mama and Grandma Key were all buried in Catskill. The baby was buried in a country cemetery in western Kansas or Oklahoma.

Soon after Grandma's death, Grandpa decided to come back to Oklahoma and Arkansas. Aunt Betty, either by

the request of Mama or voluntarily, promised to take care of my baby sister and me. She kept her promise as long as she lived. She took care of us as a real mother until the baby's death. She watched over me until she died in 1907 when I was thirteen.

It was probably early summer when we journeyed back. I can faintly remember water shortage as well as lack of feed for the horses. As far as I know, the family had enough food. However, at times cooking it was a problem. Many was the time when night fell, we pitched camp and cooked our meal. Grandpa and Uncle Jim would gather the dry cow chips, the prairie's standard fuel supply. Aunt Betty and Aunt Mag would then cook the vittles over a good hot blaze.

Once when we were camped, Uncle Jim put me on his back, pretending he was a bucking horse. He playfully threw me off. I landed on an empty sardine can. It cut my right wrist pretty bad; at seventy-five I still have the scar.

It is peculiar how one remembers little trivial things from childhood, yet has no memory of important events. I do remember helping Grandpa and Uncle Jim gather dry cow chips. I recall them going to one farm house and asking for water for the family and the teams, being turned down and having to drive on to the next place. At that time farms were sometimes miles apart. I don't have but the faintest memory of baby sister's sickness, death and burial. She died sometime during this trip and was buried in an unmarked grave. Her life on earth was brief.

Grandpa Key was not overly possessed with this world's goods as long as I knew him. He was a good man. He knew how to pray. He never owned a home of his own, but was never without a wagon and a good span of horses. As for his health, his move south from northern Kansas cured a respiratory difficulty he had complained about. During his long life he could holler so he would be heard for miles

around. He did hard manual labor until the day he died.

After the tiresome weary trip from New Mexico, the family settled northwest of Van Buren, near Uniontown. Grandpa and Uncle Jim worked in the timber, cleared land and tended crops. Aunt Betty and Aunt Mag also worked out. They chopped cotton, picked it and did just about anything they could to bring in something extra for their family.

In those days money was hard to come by, but food such as hog meat, hams, bacon, sausage and all kinds of homegrown vegetables was plentiful. The farmers and landowners back in the country kept their families well supplied with food and clothing. As a result, our folks were paid from the larders and with produce more often than with hard cash.

We had a dog, just a cur, but no snake ever got big enough that our dog couldn't kill it. If it was a black snake or a non- poisonous variety, he would make short work of it, but with rattlers and copperheads he became more cautious and delayed his attack until he saw his opportunity to jump in. Then he grabbed the snake just back of its head and with one good shake broke its neck. And he would not kill any snake of his own accord. He would locate a snake, then back away till we came, and wait for our orders to kill. He did away with dozens of snakes for us.

For Christmas presents we were usually given a little sack of candy, an orange and one package of small firecrackers, possibly a few English walnuts. These goodies were consumed sparingly, to be enjoyed as long as possible.

During this period we attended three or four different short terms at school, in that many different places. A school and a church house were always combined and

within a range of several miles of different neighborhoods. These sessions were usually about three months long. I remember one time I san a solo, "Nelly Gray", at a "Literary", which was common in those days.

With our constant moving, we once lived near a sawmill. I helped Uncle Jim--well, at least I held up one end of the crosscut saw. Mostly we cut down pine trees and it seemed to me that they were 200 feet tall. I know they weren't that big, but I was just a kid and they reached 'way into the sky. It was at that sawmill that I saw a young fellow killed. He had brought in a load of logs. When he rolled one off his load, it landed on a skid, breaking it in two. One of the pieces from the skid flew up, hit him in the head, and killed him instantly.

I also helped Uncle Dyce cut timber for clapboards. At that time and place, people would not consider anything but white oak for clapboards. We would go into the woods and Uncle Dyce would look at dozens of trees before he'd find one worthy. We'd cut it down, saw a block off the butt end which he would split into rives. He would rive out the clapboards and I would place them in neat square stacks, as big across as the length of the board, turning one layer of boards one way and the next row opposite, until there was a given number in the stack. Uncle Dyce would then lay a big rock on the top to keep them from warping and to save them from sailing away in a high wind. He never failed to take his gun along so if he heard a squirrel barking or cracking nuts he was prepared. He didn't mind spending some time looking for a squirrel or two, either.

We lived in this place through one winter. I went to a three months term at school. I'd walk about three miles through any and all kinds of cold weather, rain, sleet or snow. There was an Indian family living near, named Bigbread. Their kids accompanied me when everything was favorable, but they didn't mind missing. I was more

conscientious and seldom absent.

It was a wild and woolly country. There were lots of timber wolves. They would kill calves and pigs. At night they could be heard howling, at times sounding like there were hundreds around, but Uncle Dyce assured us there were only three or four. Panthers were heard occasionally. They didn't yell like the wolves, but when heard they sounded like a woman screaming. I well remember how afraid I was whenever I heard those varmints.

After a time--I don't remember why, if I ever knew--perhaps over a family misunderstanding, Aunt Mag and her two kids moved out. Aunt Betty continued to keep house for Grandpa and Uncle Jim. In due time Aunt Betty and Uncle Jim had a falling out. I remember very distinctly that it was over me. Aunt Betty didn't want anyone to lay a hand on me, and Uncle Jim believed otherwise, which caused their disagreement. It wasn't long until Aunt Mag and Uncle Jim both married. Aunt Mag, as I said, was a widow. This time she married a man by the name of Key, who was no relation to the family. Uncle Jim's marriage was always a mystery to me. Neither he nor Grandpa Key ever thought or spoke highly of Indians, yet Uncle Jim married a half-breed Cherokee and Grandpa a half-breed Choctaw. Grandpa's whole family, sons, daughters and all the grandkids could have shared in the Government's free land for the red man, had it not been for his silly whims about the Indians. He just would not claim his rights.

We lived there in the Lee Creek Bottom a year or so, then moved to Winslow. We located about three miles east of town at the old Jake Sebourn home. It was a one-room log cabin with a lean-to on two sides, making a three-room shanty. All I remember there were Grandpa and Aunt Betty. It was my first opportunity for school. I was a pretty small boy, but I walked the three miles to and

from school. I would go the first quarter mile along and then catch up with the two Coil girls, Lola and Bell. They were both older than I. About two miles further on, the three of us met with the two or three McClendon girls to go on to the school house. There was a one-room and one-teacher school located on the side of a hill about a half mile from town, just a short distance southeast of the old Summit hotel, right on the main public road into Winslow.

I also remember the eclipse of the sun, which occurred on May 28, 1900. I was only six years old but I looked at the eclipse through a piece of smoked glass. I also recall that the chickens all flew up to roost, only to fly down again in a very few minutes when the shadow passed on.

At this time and place Aunt Betty got married to D. W. Lee (Uncle Dyce). She married a man to whom she had been engaged before the trip to Colorado and New Mexico. He was a good friend of the family and well liked. He has told me more about my father than anyone else. At the time of his marriage he lived with his widowed mother on what was then known as the old Bray place. Years later it was converted into a summer hotel called "Country Side Hotel".

About Aunt Betty: she was plump, well-built and healthy, had sandy hair and blue eyes. I, of course, don't know her measurements, but she was well-developed and a good-looking young woman. It was said that she could stand flatfooted and shoulder a 100-pound sack of feed as easily as any man. She loved to sing--would go about her work singing at the top of her voice. She would rock her baby cooing some lullaby or she could yodel very well. So with Uncle Jim Key the two of them would harmonize for everyone's enjoyment. But, best of all, Aunt Betty was a real good woman. She was never privileged to enjoy a lot of the better material things of life, but to me she was a

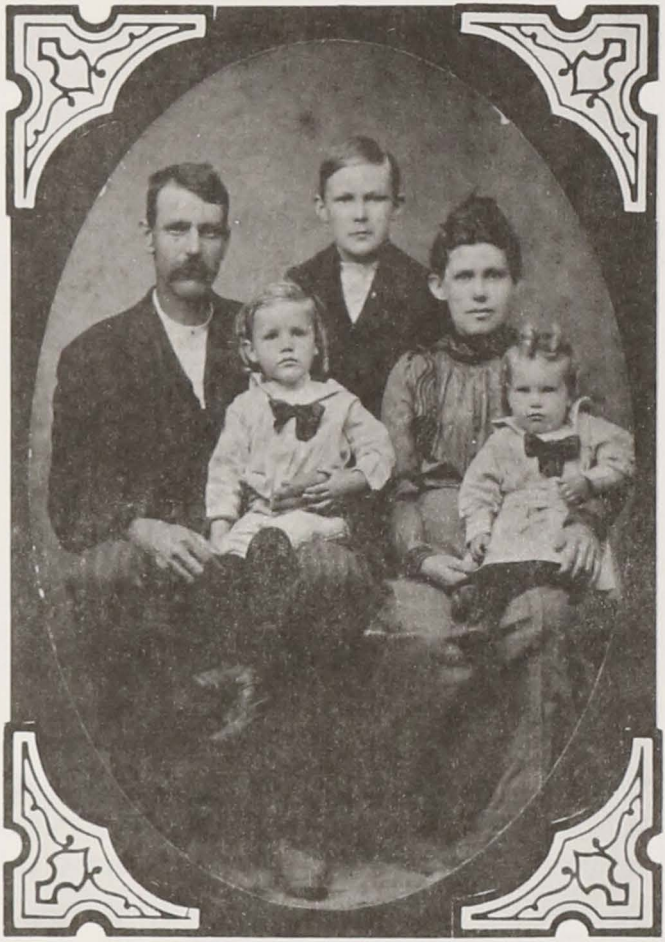


Photo taken about 1903, showing Dyssert Lee, Robert L. Maddox, Betty Kay Lee with children of the Lees seated in their parents' laps.

loving mother, the only one I ever knew. As an old man I am thankful for her affections and teachings which are the foundation of what little good there is in me.

Following the wedding, we moved back to Uniontown and the Lee Creek country. Grandma Lee, Uncle Dyce's mother, returned to Garfield, Arkansas, which was the Lee family's home, to live with her youngest son, Seth.

In Uniontown we lived in a tent. Uncle Dyce built floors for a bedroom and a kitchen, then stretched a tent

over each with an entrance from one to the other. It made a very snug and comfortable place to live, really warmer than the ordinary frame house. After settling in, Uncle Dyce ran a blacksmith shop. He built a wagon from the ground up for a fellow and was as proud of it as if it had been the London Bridge. He would tell Aunt Betty how it was progressing, day by day, until it was finished. He was a great hand to talk about whatever he was doing. He had great pride in his work and his abilities, of which he had many: a good mechanic, a blacksmith, a carpenter and fine cabinet maker. But he was not a business manager. In his prime he would change jobs and move so often, he never got a dollar ahead. By the time people learned he could do an excellent job, he was off to some place that looked greener. He would obtain a contract to build a house, then hire men to help him. Invariably, all the profit went to the helpers and he would wind up with nothing for his labor. This happened time after time, leaving him to wonder where he made his mistake. However, he was a good man at heart, always did the best he knew, and provided for his family. I was always included.

We must have lived in that tent at least a year. I went to one term of school, maybe part of a second. I do remember there was a presidential election; McKinley and Bryan were the candidates. Uncle Dyce, a strong Democrat, took me uptown and had me yell, up and down the street, "Hurrah for Bryan!" In fact, everyone that had anything to do with raising me were Democrats, except Grandpa Key's family, who were all Republicans. I have voted Republican all my life.

I explored the nearby woods until I knew every log, every stump, every boulder and clump of bushes by heart. I found bird nests, located chipmunk lairs and dens of all kinds of wild animals. My greatest desire was never realized: to catch a salamander-like lizard. These reptiles

roamed the woods everywhere, scurrying into view, darting across the path time and time again. They were about a foot long, blackish brown with green, and had a bright red head. They appeared as a mini-dragon or some other prehistoric animal. They were ever alert. One would pose on a log or rock, squat there and rear their head back like they were preparing to fly. As quietly as possible I would slip up on one, almost within reach, then quick as a wink he'd be off, only to pop up a safe distance away. I never came close to catching one!

Our next move was just across town to the edge of a pasture, into a two-room old house with a lean-to. There was a doctor in town with a teenage son who owned a pony he pastured next to us. Every morning he would bring his pony over, put it to grazing, then later afternoon he would retrieve the animal and return it to his barn. How I envied that boy and his pony! My envy soon turned to sorrow and pity for one morning the boy was leading his pony, which was frisky and full of life, into its daytime quarters. The lad tied his lead rope to his wrist so that the pony could not get away. For some reason the pony spooked. It ran away with the boy who was unable to hold the beast back or to let go. The youth was dragged to his death.

The incident bothered me considerably, but with motherly counseling from Aunt Betty I came to realize that a young, high- spirited pony with a beautiful, brand new, squeaky saddle, is not necessarily the most important thing in a boy's world. But I've remembered that boy's tragic death to this day. I never fasten a lead rope or a driving rein to any part of my body when I've had occasion to handle stock.

Uncle Dyce decided to look for greener pastures once again. He had some friends or relatives living in Scammon, Kansas. So we moved. It was quite a trip for me. We went to Chester, Arkansas to catch the train.

Uncle Dyce found someone with a wagon and team to take the family with belongings across the mountains to Chester. We arrived early enough that I could investigate the town. The freight train sidetracked there and the switch engine was a real thrill to me.

We ate supper, consisting of bologna, cheese and crackers, with soda pop, in the depot. I recall that Uncle Dyce bought himself a bottle of whiskey and Aunt Betty was displeased. But he was making a big move and felt a need to celebrate. It was my very first train ride and what a ride it was; over the high trestles, up the mountain, then through that fine tunnel into Winslow.

Upon arrival in Scammon, Kansas, we moved in with Uncle Dyce's relatives or friends, whichever, for a short time before renting a house a mile or so south out of town. Aunt Betty was pregnant, had the baby while we lived there--a little boy, named Albert. Uncle Dyce worked in the coal mines and did some carpentry. I went to school. I can't remember much about it except that the classes were integrated. I got a little spending money by picking up empty beer bottles and selling them back to the saloons.

Also, Uncle Dyce made me a kite which Aunt Betty helped me fly. We were in Scammon on April Fool's Day. Aunt Betty cut a round piece of cloth and put it in Uncle Dyce's pancake that morning. She got a tremendous kick out of him trying to cut that pancake. At Scammon I did my first fishing. A small creek was nearby and I'd fish for minnows.....

To be continued.

When it Comes to Giving
Some People Stop at Nothing.

AHNENTAFEL CHARTS

On our charts, the submitter is No. 1. Double the number to find the father, No. 2. Add one to the father's number and this will be the mother, No. 3. Continue to do this for each generation.

As promised in the November 1988 FLASHBACK, we are continuing the publication of at least one "Ahnentafel" chart with each issue. We hope this additional feature will prompt you enthusiasts to get other genealogists and friends to join our Society.

Compiled by Nancy Maxwell (Mrs. Carl) 10299 Alder Court Cucamonga, CA 91730

1. Nelda Kathleen CRAWFORD, b 28 Feb 1946, Temple, Bell Co., TX; m Ralph Bartlit MARTIN. 6 Aug 1966, Long Beach, Los Angeles Co., CA
2. Hershell Andy CRAWFORD. b 1 Oct 1926, Troy, Bell Co., TX; m 11 Mar 1945, Troy, Bell Co., TX; d 1 Feb 1947, Troy, Bell Co., TX
3. Helen LaDean GUTHERIE, b 11 Jan 1928, Willow Grove, McLennan Co., TX
4. Robert Victor Averill CRAWFORD, b 27 Jul 1902, Troy, Bell Co., TX; m 8 Oct 1925, Troy, Bell Co., TX; d 27 Jan 1987, Troy, Bell Co., TX; bur Roberts Cem., Troy, Bell Co., TX
8. William Andrew CRAWFORD, B 18 Mar 1863, Cane Hill, Washington Co., AR; m 18 Feb 1885, Troy, Bell Co., TX; d 8 Aug 1936, Troy, Bell Co., TX
9. Mary Thomas COX, b 23 Aug 1867, Elm Creek, Bell Co., TX; d 27 June 1938 Troy, Bell Co., TX; bur Roberts Cem., Troy, Bell Co., TX.
16. Andrew Buchanan CRAWFORD, b 12 Oct 1823, Lincoln Co., TN; m 15 May 1851, Cane Hill, Washington Co., AR; d 10 Oct 1864, Cane Hill, Washington Co., AR.
17. Martha PYEATT, b ca 1829, Washington Co. (?) AR; d TX
18. Robert LaFayette COX, b 10 July 1828, Warren Co., KY; m 5 Jan 1858 Washington Co., AR; d 23 Feb 1911,

Troy, Bell Co., TX; bur Lewallen Cem., 4 mi. E of Troy, Bell Co., TX.
19. Elizabeth Ann COULTER, b 6 Sept 1834, Washington Co., AR; d 1918, Troy, Bell Co., TX; bur Lewallen Cem., 4 mi. E of Troy, Bell Co., TX.
32. James CRAWFORD, b 25 Jan 1803, TN; d 13 June 1880, Cane Hill, Washington Co., AR; bur CRAWFORD Family Cem., Washington Co., AR
33. LaVicy BUCHANAN, b 10 Dec 1801, TN; d 11 Mar 1877, Cane Hill, Washington Co., AR.
34. Peter Paulus PYEATT, b Apr 1803, Warren Co., KY; m 15 Jan 1827, AR; d Mar 1884, Washington Co., AR.
35. LaVina COX, b 15 Dec 1810, Warren Co., KY; d 2 Feb 1859, Cane Hill, Washington Co., AR
36. Burwell COX, b ca 1796, KY: m 4 Mar 1820, Warren Co., KY; d 1874, Cane Hill, Washington Co., AR.
37. Rebecca MOBLEY, b ca 1802, Warren Co., KY; d 1876, Boise, Ada Co., ID.
38. James COULTER, Jr., b ca 1800, TN; d 13 July 1835 on Arkansas River; bur Little Rock, Pulaski Co., AR.
39. Mary W. MOORE, D 20 July 187?, E of Farmington, Washington Co., AR; bur Cane Hill Cem., Washington Co., AR.
64. John Crawford, b 27 Mar 1775, August Co., VA; m 9 Aug 1798, Davidson Co., TN; d 11 Sept 1847, Lincoln Co., TN.
65. Margaret BUCHANAN, b 31 Dec 1777, Washington Co., VA; d 24 Mar, Lincoln, Co., TN.
66. Andrew BUCHANAN, m 22 Oct 1798, Davidson Co., TN; d Aug 1813, Lincoln Co., TN.
67. Jane MCKINNEY (?), b. 1781, KY.
68. James PYEATT, b 29 Feb 1768; m 12 Apr 1791, Guilford Co., NC; d 24 Apr 1837, Pyeatt Twp., Pulaski Co., AR.
69. Catherine FINLEY, D 24 Dec 1818, Pyeatt Twp., Arkansas Co., AR.
70. Coleman COX, b ca 1779, Henry Co., VA; m 10 May 1808 Logan Co., KY: d ca 1852, Washington Co., AR.
71. Martha BUCHANAN, b 14 Jan 1788, KY; d 1824,

Crawford Co., AR
72. John COX, b 4 Jan 1758, Henry Co., VA; m 26 Dec 1777, Henry Co., VA; d aft 30 June 1832, Warren Co., KY.
73. Sarah NUNNELLY, b ca 1759, Halifax Co., VA; d June 1846, Warren Co., KY.

74. Isaiah MOBLEY, b 14 Dec 1758, Bedford Co., VA; d 23 Oct 1836, Lee's Creek, Crawford Co., AR; bur Kimler Ce., Lee's Creek, Crawford Co., AR.
75. Frances COLEMAN, d July 1844
76. James COULTER, Sr. b 1 Apr 1772; m 6 July 1792, Rutherford Co., NC; d Spring 1849, Washington Co., AR.
77. Catherine TUNNELL, b 31 Jan 1777, Fairfax Co., VA; d 12 Sept 1826, Rhea Co. (?), TN.
78. John D. MOORE, b ca 1788; m after 29 Dec 1808, Christian Co., KY: d 1841, Washington Co., AR.
79. Amy PATRICK, b ca 1796, GA.
128. William CRAWFORD, b 1 June 1744, August Co., VA; m 1765, Old Stone Fort, Churchville, August Co., VA; bur Augusta Co., VA
129. Rachel SAWYERS, b 30 Spr 1750, Augusta Co., VA; d 4 Sept 1821, Lincoln Co., TN; bur Crawford Cem. 1 mi. SW of Howell, Lincoln Co., TN.
130. Andrew BUCHANAN, b ca 1740, m ca 1762, PA or VA (?); d bef 20 May 1794, Washington Co., VA.
131. Joanna HAYS, b ca 1742; d aft 1800, TN
132. Samuel BUCHANAN, b ca 1738; m ca 1765
133. Elizabeth DUNCAN
134. John McKINNEY
135. Jane DUNCAN
136. John PYEATT, b 26 June 1735, Path Valley, Cumberland Co., PA; m 13 Dec 1757, Lancaster, Lancaster Co., (PA) (?); d after 1780.
137. (Martha?) Jane BLAIR, ba ca 1737
138. Andrew FINLEY, b 18 Apr 1717, County Armagh, N. Ireland; m 1754; d 6 Oct 1780, Guilford Co., NC: bur Alamance Presbyterian Church Cem., Greensboro, Guilford Co., NC.

139. Catherine PAUL, b 1730's
140. See No. 72
141. See No. 73
142. John BUCHANAN, d Aug 1820, Pulaski Co., AR
148. Clement MOBLEY, Sr., b 1725-30; m ca 1750
149. Mary FOX.
150. Robert COLEMAN, d 1795, Fairfield Co., SC.
151. Frances MATHIS/MATTHEWS
152. Alexander COULTER, b 1740's; m ca 1771.
153. Mary MOORE (widow)
154. William TUNNELL, b 1751, Spottsylvania Co., VA; m 9 Dec 1771, Fairfax Co., VA; d 16 Aug 1814, near Robertsville, Anderson Co., TN.
155. Mary MAYSEY, d 6 Apr 1814, "about sunrise:, near Robertsville, Anderson Co., TN.
256. Alexander CRAWFORD, b 1715, N. IRE.; m 1740; d Oct 1764 August Co., VA; bur Glebe Graveyard, August Co., VA.
257. Mary McPHEETERS, b 1716, IRE: d Oct 1764, bur Glebe Graveyard, August Co., VA
258. James SAWYERS, d bef 15 June 1790, August Co., VA
259. Rachel _____?
260. Samuel BUCHANAN, b 1718; m ca 1738; d 1783, Washington Co., VA.
261. Martha _____?
262. David HAYS, b IRE; d 1775, August Co., VA.
263. Isabelle _____?
264. See No. 260.
265. See No. 261.
266. Andrew DUNCAN, Sr., d bef 18 May 1762, August Co., VA.
267. Janet _____? d bet 23 Apr and 15 Sept 1789, August Co., VA.
270. See No. 266.
271. See No. 267.
272. Jacob PYATT, b 14 Jan 1705/6, Piscataway, Middlesex Co., NJ; m 2 July 1734, Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Co., PA.
273. Jane YOUNG

274. James BLAIR
275. Mary _____?
276. Michael FINLEY, b 10 Feb 1683/4, County Armagh, N IRE; m 12 July 1712, Parish Mulleghbrac, County Armagh, N IRE; d ca 1750, Fagg's Manor, Chester Co., PA.
277. Ann O'NEILL
278. Hugh PAUL, b 16 _____?, Scotland; m Scotland; d Spring 1749, Frederick Co., VA.
284. See No. 260.
285. See No. 261.
296. Edward MOBERLEY, Sr., b ca 1700' d 11 Apr 1765, Camden District, Fairfield Co., SC
297. Susanna DeRUEL (DeBRUHL?), b ca 1701; d ca 1761, Camden District, Fairfield Co., SC
308. William TUNNEL, b ca 1703, France; m England; d 28 Dec 1787, Loudon Co., (?), VA; bur Fairfax Co., VA.
309. Lady Ann (HOWARD?), b ca 1710; d 18 Feb 1814, near Robertsville, Anderson Co., TN
310. John MAYSEY
311. Leticia _____?
514. William McPHEETERS, b 1691, IRE; m 1716, IRE; d 1773, August Co., VA.
515. Rebecca THOMPSON, b 1693, IRE; d 1763, August Co., VA.
544. Jacob PYATT, b 31 Oct 1678, Woodbridge, Middlesex Co., NJ; m 7 June 1703, Piscataway, Middlesex Co., NJ
545. Mary HULL, b 4 Feb 1681/2, Piscataway, Middlesex Co., NJ
552. Robert FINLEY, bap 4 May 1634, St. Andrew's Church, Inchervie, Fife, Scotland; m 1680; d 18 June 1712, Parish Mulleghbrac, County Armaghn, N IRE.
553. Margaret LAUDER
592. William MOBERLEY
593. Phoebe LOVEJOY (?)
1028. William McPHEETERS, b IRE; d 1699, IRE
1088. Rene PIAT/LaFLEUR, b ca 1850, France; m 13 Dec 1677; d 1705, Middlesex Co., NJ
1089. Elizabeth SHEFFIELD

1104. John FINLEY, Bapt 8 June 1579, St. Andrew's Church, Balchristie, Fife, Scotland; m 3 oct 1630; d 6 Oct 1670, Inchervie, Fife, Scotland.
1105. Sarah CRAIGIE.
1184. Edward MOBERLEY
2056. William McPHEETERS, b IRE; m IRE; d IRE
2057. Jane McCLELLAN
2208. James FINLEY, bapt 15 Sept 1530, Cupar Angus, Fife, Scotland; m bef 1576; d 26 Mar 1597, Newburn Parish, Balchristie, Fife, Scotland.
2209. Elizabeth WARRENDER
4416. Andrew FINLEY, d bef 27 Apr 1547, Augenlyth, Fife, Scotland
4417. Janet HAY.
4418. William WARRENDER
4419. Christian ARBUTHNOTT.
8832. John FINLEY, d bef 1507, Fife, Scotland
8833. Joneta ROGERS.
17664. John FINLEY, d 1462, Kethyk, Cupar Grange, Fife, Scotland
17665. Mary MacRAE.

Queries

Jeanne McNutt, Route 9, Box 30, Mabank, TX 75147 is researching the family of Daniel and Rebecca **WILLIFORD**, especially their son Francis Marion ("Frank"). Frank, b. 1847 in Prairie Township, m. 1867 Anne E. **PRIVETT**, b. 1850 Prairie Township. I would like to parents were. Frank and Annie moved to Comanche County, TX in 1875 and spent the balance of their lives there, raising a large family.

Alice E. Holt, 512 West El Paso, Broken Arrow, OK 74012 has learned that her ancestor **PENNEL**(s) and **KILE**(s) who settled fin Ray, OK during the turn of the

century came from Washington County, AR, from Cane Hill or Evansville. If any researchers are interested in this research or can add to it in any way, would like to hear from them. Originally came from Tennessee (Monroe County). Great-grandfather William Lowery Pennel's father was John B. H. Pennel, born 1825, TN.

James E. Eyre, 4396 Striped Maple Court, Concord, CA 94521 is seeking information on two families listed in the 1850 census of Washington County. I believe that some of the families remained in Arkansas and many are known to have left for Colorado and California. **MAXWELL**, Thomas W. and Phoebe (**SHUMATE**), dwelling 93,Vineyard township. I have information on children Thomas, Robert and Martha Jane who emigrated to California, and Sarah who married John **WILLIAMS**. Unable to locate remainder of family. **WILIAMS**, John and Mary (**PHILLIPS**), believed to be listed in Cane Hill township, dwelling 121. I have information on John Williams who married Sarah Maxwell on December 24, 1854 in Fayetteville and emigrated to Colorado in 1858. know who her parents were. Frank and Annie moved to Comanche County, TX in 1875 and spent the balance of their lives there, raising a large family.

Alice E. Holt, 512 West El Paso, Broken Arrow, OK 74012 has learned that her ancestor **PENNEL**(s) and **KILE**(s) who settled in Ray, OK during the turn of the century came from Washington County, Arkansas, probably from Cane Hill or Evansville. Tennessee (Monroe County). If any researchers are interested in this research or can add to it in any way, would like to hear from them. Great-grandfather William Lowery Pennel's father was **JOHN** b. h. **PENNEL**, born 1825 TN.

James E. Eyre, 4396 North Striped Maple Court, Concord, CA 94521 is seeking information on two families listed in the 1850 census, Washington County. I believe

some of the families remained in Arkansas and many are known to have left for Colorado and California. **MAXWELL**, Thomas W. and Phoebe (**SHUMATE**), dwelling 93 Vineyard township. I have information on children Thomas, Robert and Martha Jane who emigrated to California, and Sarah who married John Williams. Unable to locate remainder of family. **WILLIAMS**, John and Mary (**PHILLIPS**), believed to be listed in Cane Hill township, dwelling 121. I have information on John Williams who married Sarah Maxwell on December 24, 1854 in Fayetteville and emigrated to Colorado in 1858.

Peter P. Cohron, RPh, 323 Chimney Hill Lane, Henderson, KY 42420 requests information from anyone who has information on the Civil War battle of Pea Ridge, AR. I would gladly pay to have a copy of their information, be it a soldier's letter, page from a diary, chapter from a rare book, etc., plus paying postage.

A. Earl Griffith, 12223 East 38th Street, Tulsa, OK 74146 is looking for the date and place of the marriage of my grandfather, David (Dave) **GRIFFITH**, b. 1864 KY and his second wife, Mary Winnie **QUALLS**, b. 1868 AR. Also, any information about her parents, James W. **QUALLS** and Martha E. **OFFICER**. Dave's first wife was Ina Ann **THOMPSON**, daughter of Henry G. Thompson and Sarah **MALLOY**. Dave, Winnie and Ina are buried in McCord Cemetery, near Durham, AR. Any information would be greatly appreciated.

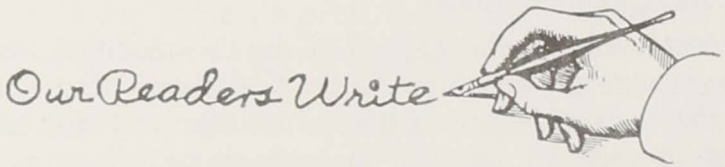
Ms. Mamie Elizabeth Cox Parker, 1412 S.W. 54th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73119 has done extensive research and compiled much family history on the **HARVEL(L), HARVILL** lineage of Illinois, Kentucky, and south central Missouri. Wishes to contact anyone who has or plans to publish a book on this family or would work with her on exchange of ideas, etc. This is her maternal lineage.

MEMBERSHIP LIST CORRECTIONS

Our apologies for having neglected to add the Lifetime membership designation to Miss Georgia Clark of Fayetteville who has been a lifetime member for years.

John C. Rogers has asked that we amend the list of names he is researching to read as follows: Washington Bowen John, his father David John, and his grandfather, Jacob John, Benjamin Confare who attended the Presbyterian church in Prairie Grove, AR between 1913 and 1916, Hugh Rogers who came to Prairie Grove, AR in 1852 and is buried at Prairie Grove, his father Major James Rogers who was born in Ireland and buried at Pickens, SC. Believe he emigrated with three brothers. James first married Nancey Capehart; after her death he married Ann Camp. His father John Rogers raised his family near the line of Newberry between Tyree and Enoree.

(In defense of the typesetters, we ask that only last names [clearly printed or written] be used in the membership list. Expanded material should be submitted to "Queries" in fairness to all members.)



My maternal grandparents, Henry Albert Davis and Elsie Etta Baswell Davis were long-time residents of Durham and Fayetteville (110 University Street). They have, I am sure, many relatives still living in Fayetteville and neighboring towns. However, I have no knowledge of their names or addresses.

In the hope that it will perhaps spark some interest and response from some unknown relative, I will retell a story or two that my Grandmother Davis told to me about her

mother, Mary Elizabeth White Shumate Young Baswell, who was born September 11, 1847 near Knoxville, TN. In 1850 her parents, John and Mary Ann White moved to Arkansas and settled on land along the White River near Durham.

The first story is simply that Mary Elizabeth's first marriage was at age fourteen or fifteen, and that she was widowed within two or three years. That husband, killed in the latter part of the Civil War, was a Confederate soldier named William Shumate assigned either to Tuck Smith's or Captain Combs' company. I recall hearing Ma Davis say that Mary Elizabeth visited her husband on the battlefield near Wesley, AR the evening before the battle, and that he was killed the following day. I have often heard that the bullet that killed him was given to the University of Arkansas Museum. Ma Davis must have known what she was talking about, since she specifically referred to the bullet as a "minnie ball". After the battle Mary Elizabeth White Shumate returned to the battlefield, retrieved her husband's body and prepared him for burial. That incident certainly shows us a seventeen- or eighteen-year-old girl who possessed an unusual amount of courage and fortitude.

The second story told me by my Grandmother Davis dealt with the death of Lizzie's brother. Lizzie was indirectly or indirectly kin to the Youngers. Her brother was to establish an alibi for one of the Youngers by wearing his shirt and hat and then being seen in public from a distance. However, the wrong person saw him wearing the Younger's shirt and hat. That person was a farmer who had it in for that particular Younger. He shot Lizzie's brother dead, believing him to be Younger.

Upon hearing of her brother's murder, Lizzie got out the ever-present shotgun, then walked to the farmer's house where she *found her brother's horse tied.

Apparently, being a no-nonsense type in a no-nonsense time of history, she walked directly into the house, shot and killed the farmer who had done in her brother. Then, seeing that the dead man was wearing her brother's boots, she pulled the boots from the bloody and still warm corpse and put them on her own bare feet. Without a word to the newly created widow, she left the cabin, swung into the saddle of her dead brother's horse and returned home. My guess is that a woman like that sat at the supper table that night, on time, without comment or incident.

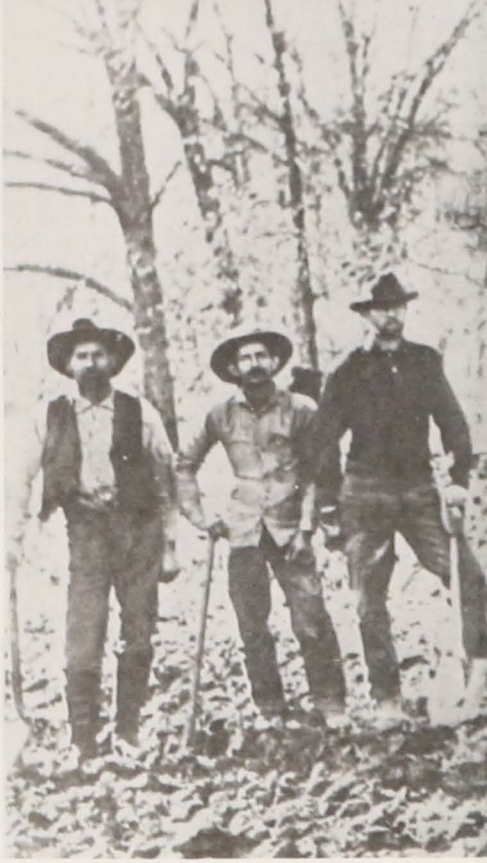
As an aside to preceding story, my Grandmother Davis often told of sitting on Jesse James' lap when she was a child. I always listened politely, but dismissed that story since I knew that she was born in 1889, and that Jesse James died in 1882. In 1986 I mentioned that lapse of obvious time sequence to my father. He snapped back at me with an intensity that indicated that I was a fool for not believing Ma Davis. He said that Great-grandmother Baswell had often told him of the same events; the telling by the then 80-year-old Mary Elizabeth Baswell was in the context of passing on her word (proof) that Jesse James was not really killed by Bob Ford in the year that historians cite. She told him of several visits by Jesse James to her home upon his return from hiding out in Colorado after his supposed death. He said that those folks in the Ozarks had developed a close-knit system of protecting their own from outsiders of all types, whether guerrillas, bushwhackers, regular Union troops, damnyankee carpetbaggers, or scalawags of postwar Radical Reconstruction.

Records indicate that Mary Elizabeth Baswell died at our home in Norman, OK on January 2, 1933, when I was five months old.

Robert Bryan Plog
11021 Melvin Avenue
Northridge, California 91326

ROAD REPAIR ABOUT 1892

by Major James E. Gibson
and Jerry Risley



Photograph, *l. to r.: John Glenn, Ross Little, Barclay (Bartley) Martin Alexander, Tom Little, DeWite (Dee) Little, Hollis Little, Jim Pennell, Ambrose H. Little. (This photograph belongs to Jerry Risley of Lincoln, AR who was also able to establish the identity of each individual. The scene is at Salem Springs, according to Mr. Risley. This locality lies to the south and slightly west of the present village of Summers, AR.)*

Unless one is at least 50 years of age, he or she will likely not remember how community roads used to be established and "improved" or repaired. As of 1892, there was much open land or "free range" in west Washington County, and in this you could travel where you wished. Farmers, though, fenced their fields and some of their pastures. Some public roads ran through fenced areas and it was necessary to open and close gates to pass through. Often the road ran on one or both sides of a stream, and sometimes actually in the stream bed.

A few roads were officially designated. One was the Old Line Road which paralleled the Oklahoma state line on the Arkansas side. Another was the George Gibson Road which ran from Moore's Mill-Cincinnati south to Summers. A road also led from Starr Hill (Lincoln) to

Summers and west to Westville, I. T. (Indian Territory). These roads plus a few others were open, with no gates to impede travel, and were maintained by the various Townships, Price, Illinois, Starhill, etc. A network of less-used roads crisscrossed the area, often established before the free range was "fenced in." These roads usually had many gates, but could be and were, used by all. Many of these roads were little more than tracks or trails, and were often next to impassable in wet weather. Some were pretty rocky and rough in dry weather. (The writer recalls one such road being known as "The Rocky Lane.") Maintenance was sporadic and unorganized.

Complaints by the citizenry finally brought results in the form of a road tax (which was bitterly opposed by some) and the election of a "Road Overseer" in each township.

The road tax, as I recall, was $3.00 per able-bodied man. It could be paid in cash or paid by three days or so work on the township roads. (One day, if with a team of horses or mules.)

The duties of the Road Overseer were to supervise the "hands" in building or maintaining the township roads. As I recall, the system worked about as follows: The local Justice of the Peace (then a township judge) received a list of citizens owing road tax from the County Tax Collector. This list was supplied to the Township Road Overseer, who then decided where and when to work on the roads and called out or "warned" the men. They were usually asked to bring hand tools, shovels, axes, etc., their wagon and team, etc. A few shovels, a couple of "road drags" (a kind of two-bladed, horse-drawn miniature grader), and occasionally a small horse-drawn grader, were supplied by the county.

The selected men then gathered at the appointed place and time and spent one or several days repairing and/or improving a given stretch of road. Culverts were built of oak logs and 2" x 8" oak planks, ditches dug using shovels and "slip scrapers" (a man and mule-killing earth-moving invention of the devil), mud holes filled with rock or gravel, etc. Gravel was also used to surface roadways where mud was a problem in wet weather. Gravel was usually hauled from a "gravel bar" in a nearby stream. For this purpose, two or three men in each community used to build "gravel beds" for their wagons. This was a sort of breakapart wagon bed, having a floor of 2 x 4s, low sideboards, and end gates, all held together by the wagon bolsters, standards and end gates. When loaded with gravel, it could be dumped by prying up and removing the end gates, then prying up and removing the 2 x 4s of the floor using a crowbar in the notches cut in the ends for that purpose. This dumped the gravel in a roughly 4' x 10' area

where it was further spread with shovels. An average gravel bed must have held about a cubic yard of material. It took a good and willing team to move a full load. Sometimes a second or "snatch" team had to be used to get the wagon out of the creekbed. If gravel was not available, a nearby "rock pile" (stone hauled from the fields) might be raided to provide ballast. I believe that most men "worked out" their road tax if they could. Some worked more than their obligatory one to three days, as they supported better roads. They may also have enjoyed the ribald stories told, and the mean tricks they played on each other. There was usually a little extra county money to pay the Road Overseer and a few other hands for extra days of work if they were so inclined. The wages? A dollar a day or three dollars a day with your team.

The acquisition by the county of Caterpillar tractors and larger, more versatile road graders finally relieved the townships of the chore of maintaining their own roads. This machinery was in turn supplanted by "patrols", road graders mounting their own power plant, and having huge pneumatic tires. They are even more versatile and efficient.

My father, Harvey S. Gibson, and my uncle, John P. Gibson, were several times Road Overseers. Nearly everyone had to serve one time or another. The writer recalls working a few days on the roads--usually hired to drive a wagon and team hauling gravel or dirt.

There was often friction between the overseers and landowners, the overseers wanting to "set back" the fences to make a wider road. The landowners, of course, objected, as they didn't want to lose the use of the land. A good many fences were quietly rebuilt by one or the other to their own advantage. Some were also built with painful bends to the advantage of the builder, and was usually blamed on the eyesight of whoever dug the post holes.

The writer knew Ross, Tom and Hollis Little, and remembers John Glenn. Mr. Glenn operated a thrashing machine, which he stored when not in use on the farm of Mr. Jay Buffington, about a mile east of Westville, OK.

It is interesting to note that all the men shown in the photograph have descendants or relatives who still live in or near Washington County.

Barclay M. Alexander was the writer's great-grandfather, a Confederate soldier from Hardin County, Tennessee. Barclay (or Bartley) married first Sarah Lane who died in Tennessee. They had two children, John Robert (Bob) and Hettie Gertrude, who came to Arkansas with him. His second wife was Permelia Rambo, a stepdaughter of William Buford Alexander. They lived at Seymore, Texas. Barclay died at Hedley, Texas, and is buried in the Rowe Cemetery there. His daughter, Hettie, married first John Gibson, the writer's maternal grandfather.

Ora Glenn and Marie Glenn Martin of Evansville and Lincoln, respectively, are grandchildren of both John Glenn and Ambrose H. Little. Clyde Little of Lincoln is a son of Hollis Little. Jerry Risley, also of Lincoln, is a great grandson of Ambrose H. Little. There are others.

The Road Overseer seldom attempted anything like major bridge building, but two such projects were completed within the writer's memory. One was a bridge some 60 feet in length across Ballard Creek at the Hardin Ford. This site is S7T15NR33W at the west end of County Road #76. As the writer recalls, the citizens of Price Township had long wanted a bridge here, but when the money finally became available, the County Judge built the bridge across Cincinnati Creek in Illinois Township instead. This caused considerable consternation in Price Township and much "heat" and "arm twisting" were applied to the good judge who finally agreed to supply the

materials if the Road Overseer and other citizens would build the bridge. Accordingly, large timbers, heavy planks, "spike" nails and many sacks of cement were delivered to the site, and concrete for the abutments and two or three piers was hand-mixed and poured. It is hard to imagine today how they built forms, brought up the necessary gravel, and mixed and poured that much concrete all by hand, but it was done. I do not remember how the long "stringers" or beams were raised into place for the main span, but that, too, was accomplished, and the floor installed. Clifford Jones was probably Road Overseer at this time. He and H. S. Gibson, R. B. Glenn and W. H. Tennant did much of the work, but nearly all the men of northwest Price Township helped when they could. The bridge they built stood until 1988 when it was replaced by a new concrete and steel bridge.

The other bridge built by the Road Overseers in Price Township was in S7T15NR33W across Coon Creek or Funkhouser Branch again on County 76. The steel beams about 20 feet long were supplied by the county but had to be moved about six miles from near Lincoln to the site. This was done by H. S. Gibson, W. H. Tennant, Fred Tennant, and one or two others using their wagons and teams. This bridge still stands and is in constant use.

The foregoing was written almost entirely from memory, and if the names of any persons or facts have been left out, I hope you will take the time to tell me.

Major James E. Gibson

Cutting grain and binding the sheaves, 1840

A "LATE" NEWS REPORT

by David R. Malone

This news comes from *The Modern News* of Harrisburg, Arkansas, August 12, 1932. I examined the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat* for the period from August 12, 1932 to August 22, 1932, hoping to find our home town version of this exciting game. Since I had no luck, I thought these "boys of summer" would enjoy seeing this write-up, even if it did come from the local paper of the other team and fifty six years late. These "boys" would be in their seventies today.

HARRISBURG JUNIOR LEGION
BASEBALL TEAM STATION CHAMPIONS

Win in State Games at Little Rock
Last Thursday and Friday.

Play Four States For Regional Honors
At New Orleans August 17th and 18th

Harrisburg's American Legional Junior bseball (baseball) team won the championship of the State of Arkansas at Travelers Field in Little Rock last Friday afternoon, defeating Fayetteville, 10 to 9, in the final game of the state tournament. The victory gave the local team the honors of representing their state in competition with championship teams of Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas in the regional tournament at New Orleans next Wednesday and Thursday.

The boys from Fayetteville made a determined bid for victory in the ninth inning and gave the Harrisburg fans a real thrill when they sored (scored) four runs and had the tieing run on second when the last man was out.

Besides pitching his team to victory Russell Neeley was Harrisburg's leading hitter. He was the only man in the line-up of either team with a perfect average for the day. He got three hits in three times at bat and was walked once. Bacon and French each got three out of four.

Eoff and Williams shared batting honors for Fayetteville, each collecting four hits out of five trips to the plate.

In the final analysis, there wasn't much to choose between the two pitchers. Neeley and Lawson allowed 15 hits each and each walked three men. Lawson struck out eight and Neely seven. The Fayetteville team gave its pitcher better support committing only two errors against Harrisburg's five.

Fayetteville's main discrepancy was in driving home the runners that got on base, which showed the masterly pitching of Neeley in the pinches. Fayetteville had 10 runners stranded, while Harrisburg had only four.

Fayetteville, the "visiting team," got the jump in the second inning, when Eoff tripled and Honea brought him in with a single. Harrisburg couted (countered) in its half with a three-run attack. Two counters were "squeezed" across the plate and the third scored on an error. French and Robbins singled with one down and each stole second. Neeley walked and then the squeeze play was on, which is the prettiest play in baseball and one that Ed Landers manager, has the team performing almost perfect. Lessenberry laid down a bunt and Pierce did likewise. Each scored a runner and each got a hit for his time at bat. The two bunters were out in a double play that resulted from an attempted double steal to end the inning.

Singles by Sharum and Eoff, with an infield out interspered (interspersed), produced Fayetteville's second run in the next inning. Again the local team came through with three runs in their half.

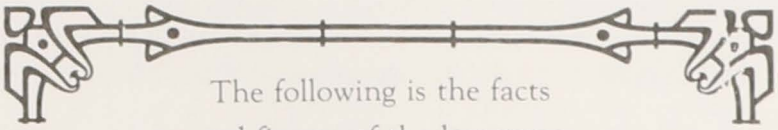
Bacon, French, Robbins and Neeley singled and McCulley walked in that episode.

Williams singled, a passed ball and Lawson's single gave Fayetteville a run in the fourth. Eoff and Williams singled in the fifth and two errors helped in the manufacture of another pair of tallies for Fayetteville. That was the last of Fayetteville's scoring until the ninth.

Harrisburg dragged the squeeze play out again in the fifth to score a run. Bacon singled and McCulley sacrificed. French got an infield hit placing Bacon on third and the latter scored when Robbins bunted. Robbins was thrown out at first by Honea.

Terry opened the last of the seventh with a double. Bacon singled him home and took second on the throw to the plate. Bacon went to third on McCulley's tap to Lawson and held his base while French struck out. He scored when Milsap erred on a grounder by Robbins. Singles by Neeley and Lessenberry brought Robbins home. Lawson retired all three Harrisburg batters on strikes in the eighth.

Eoff opened the ninth inning for Fayetteville with a single and scored on Honea's triple. Williams singled Honea home and went to second on Wingate's sacrifice. Neeley threw the ball away after fielding Brisco's roller and that put runners on first and third. Miller scored them with a double to left, but that was the end of the excited rally of which the Harrisburg fans didn't mind. Sharum an (and) Milsap flied out..."



The following is the facts and figures of the last game:

HARRISBURG: —

	ab	r	h	po	a
C. Thompson, 2b	4	0	0	4	1
Terry, 3b	5	1	1	1	2
Bacon, lf	5	1	1	1	2
McCulley, cf	4	2	3	3	0
French, rf	4	2	3	1	1
Robbins, 1b	3	3	2	5	1
Neeley, p	3	1	3	1	1
Lessenberry, c	4	0	2	7	2
Pierce, ss	4	0	1	3	2
Totals	33	10	15	27	10

FAYETTEVILLE:	ab	r	h	po	a
Miller, rf	5	0	1	0	2
Sharum, 1b, lf	6	1	1	3	1
Milsap, 3b	6	1	0	0	2
Eoff, ss	5	3	4	1	0
Honea, c	4	1	2	9	5
Wilham lf, 1b	5	2	4	6	0
Wingate, cf	4	0	0	1	1
McChristian, 2b	2	0	1	4	0
Brisco, 2b	2	1	1	0	0
Lawson, p	4	0	1	0	5
Totals	43	9	15	24	16

Score by innings:											
Fayetteville	0	1	1	1	2	0	0	0	4		9
Harrisburg	0	3	3	0	1	0	3	0	x		10

Summary: — Two base hits - Terry, Milsap; Three-base hits - Eoff, Honea; Left on base - Fayetteville 10, Harrisburg 4; Sacrifices - Wingate, McCulley, Robbins. Stolen base - Eoff, C. Thompson, French 2, Robbins 2; double play - Lawson, Honea, Milsap and Eoff; Base on balls - Off Lawson 3, Off Neeley 3; Struck out by Lawson 8, Neeley 7; Passed ball - Lessenberry; Umpires - Volger, Rube Robbins; Time - 2:30.

INSECTICIDES AND FUNGICIDES

To better take care of our Farmer Customers we are now carrying a complete line of Sherwin-Williams Spray Material, the largest makers of Insecticides in the world.

THE HEERWAGEN BROS. CO.

Formerly THE SQUARE TIRE CO.

PHONE 144 College Ave.

FIGHT OR SURRENDER:
A Confederate Major's Demand

by Stephen Burgess

The following letter from William Brown to Joseph Robinson Rutherford is in the personal papers of Mr. Rutherford at the Special Collections Department of the University of Arkansas Libraries. The letter has been typed in the same form as it appeared in the handwriting of William Brown and there have been no corrections in punctuation or spelling. Before we examine this letter, a few words about the principal characters are in order.

Joseph Robinson Rutherford was born in 1826 at Hiwassee Purchase, Tennessee. He served with U. S. troops in the Mexican War in the late 1840s and in 1851 moved to Benton County, Arkansas. For a short while he worked at closing out the Seth Thomas Clock business of the Rice, Fitzgerald, and Pearce Company, but soon thereafter devoted himself to farming.[1] During the Civil War, Rutherford enlisted with the First Arkansas Cavalry, U. S. Early in 1864, Rutherford received the following appointment from Fayetteville, Arkansas to enlist an independent company.

SPECIAL ORDER NO. 49 HEADQUARTERS TROOPS at Fayetteville, Arkansas
March 23, 1864

JOSEPH R. RUTHERFORD of Benton County, Arkansas is hereby appointed an Enrolling Officer for the Southwest portion of this county, and in the vicinity of Cincinnati, to raise a Company of Independent Volunteers to be guided and governed by the provisions of Genl. Order No. 7, Headquarters Ark. Vol.

Has. Allison
1st Lt. & Actg Adjt

By Order of M. LaRue Harrison[2]
Col. Commdg

It was with this authority that Rutherford organized and commanded Company A of the Washington County,

Arkansas, Home Guards, also known as Company A - Arkansas Militia.[3] This unit was set up to protect loyal citizens in the Union Valley area of western Washington County. Union Valley is about four miles northwest of Prairie Grove and near the Rhea's Mill community. Union authorities believed that with armed protection, the people might be able to productively farm without fear of the numerous guerrillas and bushwhackers constantly present. Some fortifications and other structures were erected in the valley and the site became known as the Union Valley Home Defense Colony. While in command of this colony, Captain Rutherford received a letter demanding surrender, from Confederate Major William Brown.

William "Buck" Brown had also been a Benton County farmer prior to the Civil War, but unlike Rutherford, Brown chose to cast his lot with the Southern Confederacy. Born in 1822, Brown first purchased land in Benton County, Arkansas in 1852. He continued to acquire property and by 1859, he owned several hundred acres of farmland and an operating grist mill located on Osage Creek, just north of the Benton/Washington County line.[4]

Although little is known about William Brown's role in the first two years of the war, one incident that may have dramatically influenced his later actions occurred in November 1862. At that time, General James Blunt's Union army occupied Benton County and sent out several detachments to operate local grist mills. A large command of Kansas troops marched to Brown's mill and stayed in the area for nearly two weeks. The Kansans' opinion of Brown may have been summed up in one soldier's recollections when he said, "The man that owned it (the mill), Brown, is a rank secesn."[5] Brown's stock and crops were all stolen or destroyed and nearly all of his property was plundered in some manner.

It is interesting to note that there is no mention of William or Buck Brown in the "*Official Records*" for the years of 1861-62, but starting early in 1863 his name appears in every volume thereafter, pertaining to Arkansas.[6] Operating almost exclusively in the northwest corner of the state, Brown's command managed to elude capture or destruction until near the very end of the war. This small band of Mounted Confederates constantly attacked supply trains, foraging parties, and small detachments of Union Cavalry. During 1864-65, as the Union Commander at Fayetteville, Arkansas, began to establish Home Defense Colonies in Washington and the surrounding counties, these, too, became targets for William Brown. One winter day in early 1865, Brown approached Rutherford's command at Union Valley and sent the following demand for surrender:

January the 14 1865

Capt

I take this mode of communicating to you that I am here with my command[7] I understand you are in command of a number of old men who are not soldiers[8] But at the same time they are arm with united state, arms I now demand that all the arms and warmunitions & Public Property Be turn over to me[9] if this be done you nor no man your command shall be molested either in person or Property But shall Permitted to go where they Please in turn if you attempt to make a fight you will Place those old men in a Bad condition such a one as you will regret.[10]

if you wish to know anything more you can have a personal interview with Perfec safety you shall return to your Command with out (obscure) harm as I shall expect answer at once.

To Capt
J. R. Rutherford
Com. Co A
gn Agriculter
sosity

Yours
WM Brown
Major Com.
Bat of Confederate
states Troops

It is fairly certain that Captain Rutherford was not about to surrender his government weapons to a cavalry

force no larger than his own. The Captain's command held a good defensive position inside a fort and works that they had built on an open prairie.[11] For cavalry to charge across the prairie, against well-protected infantry in possession of long-range rifles would have been most difficult if not suicidal. Barely a month prior to Brown's arrival, Rutherford's men had received a shipment of arms, including fifty .58 caliber Whitney Rifles.[12] Perhaps if Major Brown had possessed even one piece of artillery his demand would have been taken much more seriously.

A check of the "*Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*" does not show any action reports in Washington County for the date of January 14, 1865. Also, there is nothing to be found in Captain Rutherford's papers concerning the action that may have followed the surrender demand. If Major Brown did indeed attack the colony, it must have been only a brief demonstration. Any loss of life on either or both sides would most likely have prompted a report from Captain Rutherford to his superior, Colonel M. LaRue Harrison at Fayetteville.[13]

Whatever actions followed the surrender demand, the Home Defense Colony at Union Valley continued to operate until June of 1865, when all the Arkansas Militia units disbanded.[14] Captain Rutherford continued living at the site until William Wilson, the prewar owner of the property, threatened Civil suit to recover his lands.[15]

In 1866, Rutherford moved to Cincinnati, Arkansas and became postmaster as well as operating a sore. He moved back to Benton County, Arkansas, in 1867 to farm and a little later purchased "*The Traveler*", a newspaper in Bentonville. During the next decade Mr. Rutherford stayed quite busy continuing to farm, serving a term as Benton County Clerk, and even opening a law office in Bentonville. In 1886, Rutherford once again opened a store, but this time it was in Trident, Arkansas, where the

following year he also accepted the additional duties of postmaster. After a long and busy life the old Captain, Joseph R. Rutherford, died in Benton County in 1904.[16]

On January 18, 1865, only four days after sending the surrender demand to Captain Rutherford, Major Buck Brown was reported to be in the vicinity of Cane Hill, Arkansas, with two hundred men. Again on the 29th of January, Brown's troops were reported at Cane Hill. By March 6, 1865, Colonel M. LaRue Harrison at Fayetteville had information that Brown had moved to Spavinaw Creek in Benton County. Harrison quickly sent fifty men from Fayetteville to re-enforce the Bentonville Home Defense Colony. Reportedly, Major Brown's Benton County command had also diminished to about fifty men.

On March 15, 1865, detachments of the First Arkansas Cavalry came across the Confederates near the old site of Brown's Mill in Benton County. In the ensuing skirmish, the Confederates scattered into the countryside, but not before four of them were killed. Among the dead was the Confederate leader, Major William "Buck" Brown.[17]

Notes:

[1]*Joseph Robinson Rutherford* – unpublished finding aid, Special Collections, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

[2]*1st Arkansas Cavalry* – Record Books of Union Volunteer Regiments in Arkansas, U. S. War Department, microfilm, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

[3]*Joseph Robinson Rutherford Papers* – Ordinance forms, Special Collections, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

[4]*Benton County Recorder's Office,* Bentonville, Arkansas, Deed Book B, p. 447, Deed Book C, p. 294, Deed Book E, p. 8. Brown's Mill was located in Section 15, Township 18l, Range 31. William Brown is buried in Thornberry Cemetery on Highway 68 West, about ten miles west of Springdale, Arkansas. His marker indicates he was forty-two years, nine months, and twenty-two days old upon his death. The date of death is given as March 16, 1865.

[5]John Howard Kitts, *The Civil War Diary of John Howard Kitts,* Collections of the Kansas State Historical Society, Volume XIV, 1915-1918, p. 325.

[6]*Official Records of the War of the Rebellion*, Government Printing Office, Washington, DC 1881, Trans-Mississippi Volumes, Volumes III, VIII, XIII, XXII in two parts, XXXIV in four parts, XLI in four parts, XLVIII in two parts, Index - William or Buck Brown. William or Buck Brown is not mentioned at all in Volumes III, VIII, or XIII. These three volumes deal with the war in Arkansas and the rest of the Trans-Mississippi area from May 10, 1861 to November 20, 1862, and running through Volume XLVIII, which goes to the war's conclusion, we find William "Buck" Brown's name mentioned numerous times in association with events in Benton and Washington Counties.

[7] Elmo Ingenthron, *Borderland Rebellion,* Branson, Missouri, *The Ozarks Mountaineer*, 1980, p. 292; *Official Records*, Volume XLVIII, part one, pp. 578, 678, 1103. Major Brown's command varied in number from time to time, occasionally numbering as many as three or four hundred men. However, most of the time Brown's Battalion consisted of one hundred and fifty to two hundred mounted men. Brown's raiders played a continual game of "hide and seek", "fight and retreat" with the Union forces in Benton and Washington Counties.

[8]*Official Records*, Volume XLLVIII, part one, pp. 1177-1178. Although Rutherford's men were not regular soldiers, they apparently were not all old men, either. On March 15, 1865, Colonel M. LaRue Harrison, commanding at Fayetteville, Arkansas, wrote to then-provisional governor of Arkansas, Isaac Murphy, in reference to the Home Defense Colonies. Colonel Harrison's comments about the Union Valley Colony in particular were as follows: "Union Valley Colony, Captain J. R. Rutherford, 112 men; well fortified on a large prairie and fully organized and armed; will farm extensively; think they can whip 1,000 rebels inside the fort." Brown had demanded Rutherford's surrender just two months prior to Colonel Harrison's positive assessment.

[9]*Rutherford's Papers*, Ordnance invoices 7-(a) and 2-(b). The arms and ammunition Major Brown refers to were turned over to Rutherford by the Acting Ordnance Officer of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry at Fayetteville, Arkansas. Several Army Ordnance invoices are in the Rutherford Papers and two of these, both dated December 5, 1864, show receipt of long arms. Invoice form 7-(a) shows receipt of fifty .72 caliber Prussian muskets. Invoice form 2-(b) shows receipt of fifty .58 caliber Whitney Rifles. Many of the colonists must have also carried sidearms as an invoice dated February 28, 1865 shows receipt of one thousand rounds of .36 caliber pistol cartridges. Rutherford had barely had the muskets and rifles a month prior to Brown's demand for them.

[10]Whether or not Brown would have let the colonists go had they surrendered can be debated both ways. In August 1863, Brown paroled without harm a lieutenant and five troopers of the 2nd Kansas Cavalry captured in a skirmish at Fayetteville. Again, in September of 1863, Brown paroled a Kansas Captain and twenty-two men of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, captured in a skirmish near Hogeye, Arkansas. Edwin C. Bearss, "The Confederate Attempt to Regain Fort Smith", *Arkansas Historical Quarterly*, Volume XXVIII, 1969, pp. 346-349. In April of 1864, a detachment of Brown's men dressed in Federal uniforms and greeted ten soldiers of the 1st Arkansas Cavalry, near Prairie Grove. Acting as friends, the Confederates killed nine of the unsuspecting troopers instantly. Leo E. Huff, "Guirellas, Jayhawkers and Bushwhackers in Northern Arkansas During the Civil War", *Arkansas Historical Quarterly*, Volume XXILV, 1965, p. 136.

[11]*Official Records*, Volume XLVIII, part one, pp. 1177-1178

[12]*Rutherford Papers*, Ordnance invoice 2-(b)

[13]*Official Records*, Volume XLVIII, part one. This volume covers the month of January, 1865. There is no report of the incident at Union Valley. By this late in the war, the Union Army had effected a system to secure prompt and fairly accurate reports of most engagements and skirmishes.

[14]*Official Records*, Volume XLVIII, part two, p. 530; General Order No. 24 dated June 2, 1865.

[15]*Rutherford Papers*, Letter from Lafayette Gregg to Joseph R. Rutherford dated July 25, 1865. William Wilson had consulted Mr. Gregg, an attorney, about recovering his property.

[16]*Joseph Robinson Rutherford*, unpublished finding aid, Special Collections, University of Arkansas Libraries, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

[17]*Official Records*, Volume XLVIII, part one, pp. 578, 678, 679, 1185.

Time Marks us
while we are
Marking Time

Theodore Roethke

Forrest Poorman who so kindly sent us the Tandy Kidd story (*FLASHBACK*, November 1989) has presented us with the above photograph of six lovely Prairie Grove belles – a classic of costume and hairstyles. It is presumed to have been taken about 1893, and only two of the girls are identified. The lady in the upper right corner, with chin in hand, is Mrs. Poorman's mother, Clara Shofner. In the center of the picture, second row, is her sister, Myrtle Shofner. Can any of you name the others?

1840~1862

WINDOW ON THE FRONTIER

The Early Newspapers of Washington County, Arkansas

by Kim Allen Scott

EPILOGUE

Washington County's first newspapers are a window to the life of the past. The editors who labored under the adverse conditions of scarcity and isolation produced a printed record that mirrored the values of their readership, and, in essence, published what could accurately be described as a collective diary of antebellum northwest Arkansas. The columns of the newspapers, even if occasionally silent on local events that a modern historian would deem relevant, reveal a great deal of the editor's characters and concerns of the readership. The advertising sections document the diversity of Fayetteville's economy, the material culture of its citizens, and the actions of its courts.

Washington County's frontier newspapers, both in their physical appearance and content, reflected the region's isolation. The difficulties of securing a reliable supply of paper was dramatically evident in viewing the miniscule sheets on which William Quesenbury printed the *South-West Independent* during the drought of 1854 as well as the irregular sized army foolscap that Major John Henry Brown pressed into service for the *War Bulletin.* In their editorials, both Charles Town and William Smith complained of the slowness of the mails and the lack of timely information, consequences of living so far from the beaten path of civilization.

A resident of a small frontier village was probably fairly well posted on local events either by direct observation or word of mouth, but information from the outside world would be eagerly sought after. Marian Tebbetts Banes, a Fayetteville resident in the 1850's, recalled her family's impatience with the mail service of northwest Arkansas and their frequent use of ordinary travelers as informal letter carriers.[1] By publishing articles concerning state and national affairs and leaving much of the local happenings to the reader's imagination, Fayetteville's early newspapers reflected the priorities of subscribers like the Tebbetts.

The newspapers of antebellum Washington County were personal statements of their editors as much as they were reflections of their community. The pioneer newspaperman was a member of a small, isolated community where people were far more familiar with one another than residents of modern cities. When an editor printed an article that lashed out at an ambitious politician, lampooned a haughty aristocrat, or praised an industrious farmer, he was speaking to people he knew, both friends and enemies. Readers knew the editor as a neighbor, a businessman, a public figure, and a private citizen. He addressed his subscribers with familiarity that reflected all these relationships. Charles Town's stubborn defense of his discredited brother-in-law and Elias Boudinot's withering blasts at an editor who dared called him "Half-breed" are examples of the personal, almost conversational, style of frontier journalism. William Quesenbury, who could describe a simple duck hunt with such vitality that exchange papers would reprint it, displayed the wit characteristic of personal journalism,[2] but all the early editors of Washington County left their thumbprint in their newspapers, even by a selection of exchange articles that they chose to reprint themselves.

The newspaper office was a gathering place for information in Washington County before the Civil War, a business staffed by exceptional workers who were sought out by the community's erudite citizens. The striking image of William Quesenbury visiting with Fayetteville's aristocrats in his "sanctum" while the printing of his paper was left to a Justice of the Peace and a member of the local debating society provides us with a glimpse of this special business place. Elias Boudinot requesting patrons to stay away from the *Arkansian* office on press day is another example of the popularity the printing office enjoyed, (or perhaps endured), as the community's information center.

In remote frontier towns such as Fayetteville in the 1840s and 1850s the newspaper office was a natural meeting ground for people interested in discussing the issues of the day. Unlike the footloose society typical of the towns in the post-Civil War mining frontier, a Fayetteville man of 1841 could not enjoy the leisurely banter inside a saloon without inviting at least some unwelcome speculation on his character.[3] At the newspaper office one could meet with his peers in an atmosphere of familiarity and comfort with the stigma of the "grocery," (as saloons were then called), or the formality of the courthouse. As time passed, however, the printing office began to lose its importance as a meeting place, and the newspaperman started to discourage idle visitors. It is interesting to note that at the time William Smith announced that loafers would be unwelcome at the *Arkansian* office he had moved the printing plant off of the street to the second story of Bernard's Drug Store, effectively distancing himself from his readers both physically and professionally.[4] As newspapering began to assume a form recognizable as "modern" journalism, the office function as a gathering place decreased in importance.

Taken as a whole, the newspapers of Washington County in the decades before the Civil War are one of the best means available to gain an understanding of the social history of the area. Too often, the study of the early press of a western community involves the unresearched parroting of dates and editors' names from reference works and union lists. This practice not only leads to the repetition of historical inaccuracies: it also leaves the reader without any understanding of the newspapers' relationship to the community they served. By examining these journals in detail, their value as primary source material for further inquiry is obvious, and the recognition of the special workers who produced these records for posterity is an honor they well deserve.

NOTES

[1]Marian Tebbetts Banes, *The Journal of Marian Tebbetts Banes*, (Fayetteville: Washington County Historical Society, 1977), p. 28.

[2]*Arkansas Gazette,* April 18, 1857.

[3]"Constitution and Proceedings of the Fayetteville Temperance Society, 1841-44," Austin L. Veneble, ed., *Arkansas Historical Quarterly* 3, (1944): 175-176. Williamson S. Oldham, former law partner of William McKnight Ball, was publicly tried by the Society for having taken a drink. Oldham tore up the summons and refused to even appear before the tribunal, probably because he was planning to leave Fayetteville anyway.

[4]*Arkansian,* January 25, 1861.

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EDITOR'S COMMENTARY

The typesetting with this issue may appear as confusion to you. It is a bit that way to us, also. Please understand, we are trying to move into the computer age and are in the transition stage.

We've long realized that we could save time and, more importantly, money by having desktop publishing capabilities at WCHS headquarters. Such equipment would simplify our mailings, our bookkeeping, our indexing of records, our lives.

But, to save money, one must spend money. Then, too, the quality of printing has not been up to *FLASHBACK's* standards until recently.

Now, a couple of friends have offered us the use of their computer-printers to ease us into this electronic wizardry, thus accomplishing two things: teaching us how to operate the gadgets, and training us with knowledge of what capabilities we will require at an affordable price.

Anyone out there want to help with the acquisition, either with money and/or a lead on some "bargain" equipment?

ISSN 0428-5573

Flashback

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY